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THURSDAY MORNING.

EHLERS

STRANGE SUMMONS

By SUSANNE GLENN.

So they all went to the lawyer's. None of them had paid much attention to old Nelson Blake while he lived in his humble little home on the lonely mountain side. But now that they had been summoned to the reading of his will the lawyer's office was crowded with expectant relatives.

Who had dreamed the old man had anything to will? Sharp eyes asked this of each other while lips spoke commonplaces.

"Any of my aforementioned relatives who desire to participate in a share of my property must permanently take up residence in my home on the mountain," read the lawyer monotonously.

"Any such person while in residence there to whom I may give a personal summons shall present evidence of such summons to my lawyer, who is instructed to make over my property to said person. Any attempt at fraudulent evidence will be useless, as my lawyer and myself understand each other thoroughly."

Judson Blake, sitting in a dusky corner, watched curiously the faces before him. He was the only person in the room who had known the dead man intimately, and he was enjoying to the utmost the singularity of the will.

Some of the faces held a look of baffled greediness; some expressed contempt; others, anxiety and superstitious fear. Opposite him was a slip of a girl in blue gown. The pale face under the drooping hat seemed to grow pinched during the reading; but when her troubled eyes met Judson's she rose impulsively and came to his side.

"This is Mr. Judson Blake?" she inquired. "I am Melrose Madison. Have you seen the place, Mr. Blake? Would it be very ridiculous for me to go?"

"It's greatest drawback is the lonely situation, but we can scarcely feel loneliness, dear cousin-by-marriage," he murmured.

"Money is a great magnet," he returned inscrutably. "It isn't the money entirely," denied Miss Madison, "and yet it is money! I did so want that place for mother; it would mean life and health to her!"

"Go by all means, Miss Madison, and go early. I shall start tomorrow. If you will come up on the train Thursday I will meet you both at the station."

Judson Blake found the little mountain house as its late owner had left it. While he arranged his quarters he seemed to see everywhere a pair of grateful blue eyes.

The long summer days that followed passed happily. Judson tended the garden, milked the cow and cared solicitously for the old sorrel horse and the flock of speckled hens. He took long walks with a girl whose pale face had become rounded and tanned, and whose blue frock was sadly faded. Between times he painted, with a determination to win, new to him.

At the weather-beaten little house relatives came hopefully and went away in disgust. The sick woman grew strong and happy. But no one received a summons from the eccentric spirit of Nelson Blake.

Reveling in the beauty of changing colors, Judson was returning up the mountain one day in early fall, when he came suddenly upon a tumbled, fearful mass of faded blue gown and yellow hair.

"Miss Melrose," he cried in alarm, sitting down besides her "my dear little cousin by marriage, what can be the trouble?"

"Oh, oh," sobbed the girl. "I know I'm a goose! But why hasn't he summoned me, if he is going to? I've resided here just as 'permanently' as I know how to and just as long as I can."

"It seems as if I cannot take my mother back to that dreadful city just as she is getting so beautifully well. But we cannot live indefinitely on just milk and eggs and potatoes, excellent as they are."

"Do you think they will all go?" exclaimed the girl, incredulously. "And you?"

"I don't know," she replied. "I don't know."

"I have lain awake nights for the last two weeks for fear I might miss his appearance."

"My dear little girl," said Judson, leaning over and taking her hands in his own, "will you tell me just what you do mean?"

"I mean that we are starved out—that I must get back to work. And—oh, I hate to go." She struggled with her tears again.

The young man looked at her breathlessly. If he could keep her! If only his pictures would sell!

"See here, girl," he said in a crisp, business-like manner, "you simply must not take your mother away so soon. And you must listen longer for the summons! I've just the dandiest idea, but I haven't dared suggest it before."

"I don't want to leave yet, either. I have just found my forte—I've got to paint nature if I want success, and that means staying here all winter. I mean to get down to real work, and I've wanted so much to suggest that your mother keep house for me up here! We'll get old Brown to do the outdoor work and get up our wool. And if you must work, there's the little school down at the corner—"

"Oh, if we could do it!" she breathed.

"Come home with me, you very impractical person," he answered, "and I will talk with your sensible mother."

"It is going to be a cool night," observed Melrose they toiled up the steep hillside. "Let us get some logs and have a fire in the parlor fireplace this evening. Then we'll sit cozily round it and talk over our plans."

In the early twilight they brought in their logs and arranged them on the hearth. Then, kneeling side by side, they lighted the ragged, dry brush.

A tiny column of smoke rose to the mantel level and floated out into the room!

With a surprised exclamation Melrose flung open the outer door, while the young man peered into the chimney questioning. Reaching up his arm, his hand came in contact with a board that completely closed the opening of the flue.

"This is certainly strange," he said. "I distinctly remember Uncle Nelson having a fire in this grate last spring, so it cannot be that the chimney is defective."

The board slipped easily and as he shoved it loose at one end a small tin box fell with a great noise to the hearth below.

"It's the summons!" murmured the girl, in an awed voice.

The box was not sealed. Blake drew from it a small folded paper.

"To whom it may concern—and I strongly suspect it will prove to be my beloved nephew, Judson Blake!"

"If you will present this testimonial to Lawyer Green and if you have complied with the other stipulations of my will, all my property, real and personal shall be made over—"



WONDERFUL.

Your husband has a splendid memory I am told. Yes. Every time he gets a cold he can sit down and figure out just how and where he got it.

"Didn't we find the box together? And do you suppose I would ever be happy anywhere without you? Surely you've known I cared—that I could not speak, because I had nothing to contribute toward that bill of fare of yours!"

"Oh, well," she murmured, demurely, "we could have sold the eggs occasionally and bought beefsteaks."

"Don't precious cousin-in-law," he cried, earnestly, "look at me and say that you love me, that you will help me make the most of Uncle Nelson's summons."

"I will—and we are going to have fried chicken for breakfast," she said.

REVENUE FROM GERMAN

ROADSIDE TREES.

The auction sales of native fruit grown on the trees bordering the country roads in the township of Linden, adjoining the city of Hanover, yielded this autumn 20,612 marks (\$4996). Along certain stretches of these roads the yield has amounted to 1500 marks (\$357) per kilometer, or at the rate of \$595 per mile. The province of Hanover has some 7000 miles of country highways bordered with fruit trees, the profit of which is appropriated toward the upkeep of the roads. These roads, which are commonplace to the native resident, are the delight of the American tourist, who often wonder why roadsides in the United States are not thus planted to fruit.

This application of the beautiful practical and economic possibilities embraced in the control of such public property as roads is a fine illustration of the community thrift of the German. During the three or four weeks' period of ripening sharp-eyed old watchmen

on bicycles patrol the roads, being particularly active on Sundays, when the people are out in large numbers. It is forbidden to pick up fruit from the ground, and to knock it from the trees is subject to a fine of 100 marks (\$23.80) or more for each offense. Laws and regulations for the general good, however, excite such respect on the part of the German that cases of theft of fruit from the highway fruit trees rarely occur.—Consular Report.

TOO LATE TO CHANGE.

"A man can no more change his reputation than he can change his face or his arms," said Senator La Follette, at a banquet at Madison.

"There was once a wicked old Madison millionaire who took his pastor aside and said:

"I'm going to retire, Dr. Thirdly. I'm going to devote the remainder of my life to doing good."

"Dr. Thirdly, an outspoken man, retorted: "D you mean John H. Good, the wealthy farmer, or young Sam Good, the socialist millionaire?"

A GREAT JOB.

"Got a job at last, have you, Dickey?"

"Yes; dollar a week."

"What kind of work?"

"Scrapin' the wads o' gum off'n the backs o' the furniture in a second-hand store."—Chicago Tribune.

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